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Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

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SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

THE FATAL COSMETIC; Or, the Evils of "White Lies."

BY MRS. C. L. HENTZ.

CHARLES BROWN sat with Mr. Hall in a corner of the room, apart from the rest of the company. Mr. Hall was a stranger, Charles, the familiar acquaintance of all present. The latter evidently retained his seat out of politeness to the former, for his eyes wandered continually to the other side of the room, where a group of young ladies was gathered round a piano, so closely as to conceal the musician to whom they were apparently listening. The voice that accompanied the instrument was weak and irregular, and the high tones excessively shrill and disagreeable yet the performer continued her songs with unwearied patience, thinking the young gentlemen were turned into the very stones that Orpheus changed into breathing things to remain insensible to her minstrelsy. There was one fair, blue-eyed girl, with a very sweet countenance, who stood behind her chair, and cast many a mirthful glance toward Charles, while she urged the songstress to continue, at every pause, as if she were spell-bound by the melody. Charles laughed and kept time with his foot, but Mr. Hall bit his lips, and a frown passed over his handsome and serious countenance.

"What a wretched state of society," exclaimed he, that admits, nay, even demands, such insincerity!—Look at the ingenuous countenance of that young girl; would you not expect from her sincerity and truth?—Yet with what practical falsehood she encourages her companion in her odious screeching."

"Take care," answered Charles, "you must not be too severe. That young lady is a very particular friend of mine and a very charming girl. She has remarkably popular manners, and if she is guilty of a few little innocent deceptions such for instance, as the present, I see no possible harm in them to herself, and they certainly give great pleasure to others. She makes Miss Lewis very happy, by her apparent admiration, and I do not see that she injures any one else."

Mr. Hall sighed.

"I fear," said he, "I am becoming a misanthropist. I find I have peculiar views, such as set me apart and isolate me from my fellow beings. I cannot enjoy an artificial state of society. I consider truth as the corner stone of the great social fabric, and where this is wanting, I am constantly looking for ruin and desolation. The person deficient in this virtue, however fair and fascinating, is no more to me than the whitened sepulchre and painted wall."

"You have, indeed, peculiar views," answered Charles, coloring with vexation he was too polite to express in any other way; "and if you look upon the necessary dissimulations practised in society as falsehoods, and brand them as such, I can only say that you have created a standard of morality more exalted and pure than human nature can ever reach."

"I cannot claim the merit of creating a standard that the divine Moralist gave to man, when he marked out his duties from the sacred mount in characters so clear and deep that the very blind might see and the cold ear of deafness hear."

Mr. Hall spoke with warmth. The eyes of the company were directed towards him. He was disconcerted and remained silent. Miss Lewis rose from the piano and drew towards the fire.

"I am getting terribly tired of the piano," said she. "I don't think it suits my voice at all. I am going to take lessons on the guitar and harp—one has so much more scope with them; and then they are much more graceful instruments!"

"You are perfectly right," replied Miss Ellis, the young lady with the ingenuous countenance, "I have no doubt you would excel on either, and your singing would be much better appreciated. Don't you think so, Margaret?" continued she, turning to a young lady who had hitherto been silent, and apparently unobserved.

"You know I do not," answered she, who was thus abruptly addressed, in a perfectly quiet manner, and fixing her eyes serenely on her face, "I should be sorry to induce Miss Lewis to do anything disadvantageous to herself, and consequently painful to her friends."

"Really, Miss Howard," cried Miss Lewis, bridling and tossing her head with a disdainful air, "you need not be afraid of my giving you so much pain—I will not intrude my singing upon your delicate and refined ears."

Mr. Hall made a movement forward, seemingly attracted by the uncommon sincerity of Miss Howard's remark.

"There," whispered Charles, "is a girl after your own heart—Margaret Howard will speak the truth, no matter however unpalatable it may be, and see what wry faces poor Miss Lewis makes in trying not to swallow it—I am sure Mary Ellis's flattery is a thousand times kinder and more amiable."

Mr. Hall did not answer. His eyes were perusing the face of her whose lips had just given such honorable testimony to a virtue so rarely respected by the world of fashion. A decent boldness lighted up the clear hazel eyes that did not seem to be unconscious of the dark and penetrating glances at that moment resting upon them. She was dressed with remarkable simplicity.—No decoration in color relieved the spotless white-

ness of her attire. Her hair of pale, yet shining brown, was plainly parted over a brow somewhat too lofty for mere feminine beauty, but white and smooth as Parian marble. Her features, altogether, bore more resemblance to a Pallas than a Venus. They were calm and pure, but somewhat cold and passionless—and under that pale and transparent skin, there seemed no under current, ebbing and flowing with the crimson tide of the heart. Her figure, veiled to the throat, was of fine, though not very slender proportions. There was evidently no artificial compression about the waist, no binding ligatures to prevent the elastic motions of the limbs, the pliable and graceful movements of nature.

"She has a fine face, a very handsome face," repeated Charles, responding to what Mr. Hall looked, for as yet he had uttered nothing; "but to me, it is an uninteresting one. She is not generally liked—respected, it is true, but feared, and fear is a feeling which few young ladies would wish to inspire. It is a dangerous thing to live above the world—at least, for a woman."

Charles availed himself of the earliest opportunity of introducing his friend to Miss Howard, glad to be liberated for a while from the close companionship of a man who made him feel strangely uncomfortable with regard to himself, and well pleased with the opportunity of conversing with his favorite, Mary Ellis.

"I feel quite vexed with Margaret," said this thoughtless girl, "for spoiling my compliment to Miss Lewis. I would give one of my little fingers to catch her for once in a white lie."

"Ask her if she does not think herself handsome," said Charles! no woman ever yet acknowledged that truth, though none be more firmly believed."

He little expected she would act upon his suggestion, but Mary was too much delighted at the thought of seeing the uncompromising Margaret guilty of a prevarication to suffer it to pass unheeded.

"Margaret," cried she, approaching her, unawed by the proximity of the majestic stranger—"Mr. Brown says you will deny that you think yourself handsome. Tell me the truth. Don't you believe yourself very handsome?"

"I will tell you the truth, Mary," replied Margaret, blushing so brightly as to give an actual radiance to her face, "that is, if I speak at all. But I would rather decline giving any opinion of myself."

"Ah, Margaret," persisted Miss Ellis, "I have heard you say that to conceal the truth, when it is required of us, unless some moral duty were involved, was equivalent to a falsehood. Bear witness, Charles, here is one subject on which even Margaret Howard dares not to speak the truth."

"You are mistaken;" replied Miss Howard, "you force me to speak, by attacking my principles, I am very willing to say, I do think myself handsome; but not so conspicuously as to allow me to claim a superiority over my sex, or to justify so singular and unnecessary a question."

All laughed—even the grave Mr. Hall smiled at the frankness of the avowal—all but Miss Lewis, who, turning up her eyes and raising her hands, exclaimed—"Really, Miss Howard's modesty is equal to her politeness. I thought she despised beauty."

"The gifts of God are never to be despised," answered Miss Howard, mildly. "If he has graced the outer temple, we should be careful to keep the indwelling spirit pure."

She drew back as if pained by the observation she had excited; and the deep and modest color gradually faded from her cheek. Mr. Hall had not been an uninterested listener. He was a sad and disappointed man. He had been the victim of a woman's perfidy and falsehood, and was consequently distrustful of the whole sex. His health had suffered long from the corrosion of his feelings, and he had been compelled to seek in a milder clime, a balm which time alone can yield. He had been absent several years, and had just returned to his native country, but not to the scene of his former residence. The wound was healed, but the hardness of the scar remained.

One greater and purer than the Genius of the Arabian Tale, had placed in his breast a mirror, whose lustre would be instantaneously dimmed by the breath of falsehood or dissimulation. It was in this mirror that he saw reflected the actions of his fellow beings, and it pained him to see its bright surface so constantly sullied. Never since the hour he was so fatally deceived, had he been in the presence of woman with a melancholy conviction that she was incapable of standing the test of this bosom talisman. Here, however, was one whose lips cast no cloud upon its lustre. He witnessed the marvelous spectacle of a young, beautiful and accomplished woman, surrounded by the artifices and embellishments of fashionable life, keeping the truth, in all simplicity and godly sincerity, as commanded by the holy men of old. There was something in the sight that renovated and refreshed his blighted feelings. The dew falling on the parched herbage prepares it for the influence of a kinder ray. Even so the voice of Margaret Howard, gentle in itself and persuasive, advocating the cause he most venerated, operated this night upon the heart of Mr. Hall.

For many weeks the same party frequently met at the house of Mrs. Astor. This lady was a professed patroness and admirer of genius and the fine arts. To be a fine painter, a fine singer, a fine writer, a traveler or a foreigner, was a direct passport to her favor. To be distinguished in society for anything was sufficient, provided it was not "a bad eminence" which was attained by the individual. She admired Mr. Hall for the stately gloom of his mien, his dark and foreign air, and his peculiar and high-wrought sentiments. She sought an intimacy with Margaret Howard, for it was a *distinction* to be her friend, and moreover, she had an excellent taste and skill in

drawing and painting. Mary Ellis was a particular favorite of hers, because her own favorite cousin, Charles Brown, thought her the most fascinating young lady of his acquaintance. Mrs. Astor's house was elegantly furnished, and her fine rooms were adorned with rare and beautiful specimens of painting and statuary. She had one apartment which she called her Gallery of Fine Arts, and every new guest was duly ushered into this sanctuary, and called upon to examine and admire the glowing canvass and the breathing marble.

A magnificent pier glass was placed on one side of the hall so as to reflect and multiply these classic beauties. It had been purchased in Europe, and was remarkable for its thickness, brilliancy and fidelity of reflection. It was a favorite piece of furniture of Mrs. Astor's, and all her servants were warned to be particularly careful, as they dusted its surface. As this glass is of some importance in the story, it deserves a minute description.—Mrs. Astor thought the only thing necessary to complete the furnishing of the gallery, were transparencies for the windows. Miss Howard, upon hearing the remark, immediately offered to supply the deficiency, an offer at once eagerly accepted, and Mrs. Astor insisted that her painting apparatus should be placed in the very room, that she might receive all the inspiration to be derived from the mute yet eloquent relics of genius, that there solicited the gaze. Nothing could be more delightful than the progress of the work. Margaret was an enthusiast in the art, and her kindling cheek always attested the triumph of her creating hand. Mrs. Astor was in a constant state of excitement till the whole was completed, and it was no light task as four were required, and the windows were of extra size. Almost every day saw the fair artist seated at her easel, with the same group gathered round her. Mary Ellis admired every thing so indiscriminately, it was impossible to attach much value to her praise, but Mr. Hall criticised as well as admired, and as he had the painter's eye and the poet's tongue, Margaret felt the value of his suggestions, and the interest they added to her employment. Above all things, she felt their *truth*. She saw that he never flattered, that he dared to blame, and when he did commend she was conscious that the tribute was deserved. Margaret was not one of those beings who cannot do but one thing at a time. She could talk and listen, while her hands were plying the brush, or arranging the colors, and look up too from the canvass, with a glance which showed how entirely she participated in what was passing around her.

"I wonder you are not tired to death of that everlasting easel," said Mary Ellis to Margaret, who grew every day more interested in her task. "I could not endure such confinement."

"'Death' and 'everlasting' are solemn words to be so lightly used, my dear Mary," answered Margaret, whose religious ear was always pained by levity on sacred themes.

"I would not be as serious as you are for a thousand worlds," replied Mary, laughing, "I really believe you think it a sin to smile. Give me the roses of life, let who will take the thorns. I am going now to gather some if I can, and leave you and Mr. Hall to enjoy all the briars you can find."

She left the room, gaily singing, sure to be immediately followed by Charles, and Mr. Hall was left the sole companion of the artist. Mary had associated their names together for the purpose of disturbing the self-possession of Margaret, and she certainly succeeded in her object. Had Mr. Hall perceived her heightened color, his vanity might have drawn a flattering inference; but he was standing behind her easel, and his eyes were fixed on the beautiful personification of Faith, Hope, and Charity—those three immortal graces—she was delineating, as kneeling and embracing, with upturned eyes and celestial wings. It was a lovely group—the last of the transparencies; and Margaret lavished on it some of the finest touches of her genius. Mary had repeated a hundred times that it was finished, that another stroke of the pencil would ruin it, and Mrs. Astor had declared it perfect, and more than perfect; but still Margaret lingered at the frame, believing every tint should be the last.

Every lover of the arts knows the fascination attending the successful exercise and development of their genius—of seeing bright and warm imaginings assume a coloring and form, and giving to others a transcript of the mind's glorious creation; but every artist does not know what deeper charm may be added by the conversation and companionship of such a being as Mr. Hall. He was what might be called a fascinating man, notwithstanding the occasional gloom and seriousness of his manners. For when flashes of sensibility lighted up that gloom, and intellect, excited and brought fully into action, illuminated that seriousness—it was like moonlight shining on some ruined castle, beauty and grandeur meeting together and exalting each other, from the effect of contrast. Then there was a deep vein of piety prevading all his sentiments and expressions. The comparison of the ruined castle is imperfect. The moonbeam falling on some lofty cathedral, with its pillared dome and "long drawn aisles," is a better similitude, for devotion hallowed and elevated every faculty of his soul. Margaret, who had lived in a world of her own, surrounded by a purer atmosphere, lonely and somewhat unapproachable, felt as if she were no longer solitary, for here was one who thought and sympathized with her; one, too, who seemed sanctified and set apart from others by a kind of mysterious sorrow, which the instinct of woman told her had its source in the heart.

"I believe I am too serious, as Mary says," cried Margaret, first breaking the silence, "but it seems to me that the thoughtless alone can be gay. I am young in years, but I began to reflect early, and from the moment I took in the mystery of life and all its awful dependencies, I ceased to be mirthful. I am doomed to pay a constant penalty for the singularity of my feelings: like the priestess of the ancient temples, I am accused of uttering dark sayings of old, and casting the shadows of the future over the joys of the present."

Margaret seldom alluded to herself, but Mary's accusation about the thorns and briars had touched her, where perhaps alone she was vulnerable, and in the frankness of her nature, she uttered what was paramount in her thoughts.

"Happy are they who are taught by reflection

not experience, to look seriously, though not sadly upon the world," said Mr. Hall, earnestly: " who mourn from philanthropy over its folly and falsehood, not because that folly and falsehood have blighted their brightest and dearest hopes! nay cut them off, root and branch, forever."

Margaret was agitated, and for a moment the pencil wavered in her hand. She knew Mr. Hall must have been unhappy—that he was still suffering from corroding remembrances—and often had she wished to pierce through the mystery that hung over his past life, but now, when he himself alluded to it, she shrank from an explanation. He seemed himself to regret the hasty warmth of his expressions, and to wish to efface the impression they had made; for his attention became riveted on the picture, which he declared wanted but one thing to make it perfect.

" And what is that?"

" Truth encircling the trio with her golden band," he replied.

" It may yet be done," cried Margaret, and with great animation and skill, she sketched the outline which he suggested.

It is delightful to have one's own favorite sentiments and feelings embodied by another, and that, too, with a graceful readiness and apparent pleasure that shows a congeniality of thought and taste. Mr. Hall was not insensible to this charm in Margaret Howard. He esteemed, revered, admired, he wished that he dared to love her. But all charming and true as she seemed, she was still a woman; and he might again be deceived. It would be a terrible thing to embark his happiness once more on the waves which had overwhelmed it, and find himself again a shipwrecked mariner, cast upon the cruel desert of existence. The feelings which Margaret inspired were so different from the stormy passions that had before reigned over him, it is no wonder he was unconscious of their strength, and believed himself still his own master.

" Bless me," said Mary, who, entering soon after, " banished," as she said, Mr. Hall from her presence, for he retired; " if you have not added another figure to the group. I have a great mind to blot Faith, Hope and Charity, as well as Truth, from existence," and playfully catching hold of the frame, she pretended to sweep her hand over their faces.

" Oh, Mary, beware!" exclaimed Margaret, but the warning came too late. The easel tottered and fell instantly against the magnificent glass, on which Mrs. Astor set such an immense value, and broke it into a thousand pieces. Mary looked aghast, and her companion turned pale as she lifted her picture from amid the ruins.

" It is not spoiled," said she, " but the glass!"

" Oh! the glass!" cried Mary, looking the image of despair; " what shall I do! What will Mrs. Astor say? She will never forgive me!"

" She cannot be so vindictive," replied Margaret, " but it is indeed an unfortunate accident, and one for which I feel particularly responsible."

" Do not tell her how it happened," exclaimed Mary, shrinking, with moral cowardice, from the revealing of the truth. " I cannot brave her displeasure!—Charles, too, will be angry with me, and I cannot bear that. Oh, pray, dearest Margaret, pray do not tell her that it was I who did

it—you know it would be so natural for the easel to fall without any rash hand to push it. Promise me, Margaret."

Margaret turned her clear, rebuking eye upon the speaker, with a mingled expression of indignation and pity.

" I will not expose you, Mary," said she calmly, and withdrawing herself from the rapturous embrace in which Mary expressed her gratitude, she began to pick up the fragments of the mirror, while Mary, unwilling to look upon the wreck she had made, flew out to regain her composure. It happened that Mr. Hall passed the window, while Margaret was thus occupied, and he paused a moment to watch her, for in spite of himself, he felt a deep and increasing interest in every action of hers.—Margaret saw his shadow as it lingered, but she continued her employment. He did not doubt that she had caused the accident, for he had left her there alone but a few moments before, and he was not conscious that any one had entered since his departure. Though he regretted any circumstance, which might give pain to her, he anticipated a pleasure in seeing the openness and readiness with which she would avow herself the aggressor, and blame herself for her carelessness.

Margaret found herself in a very unpleasant situation. She had promised not to betray the cowardly Mary, and she knew that whatever blame would be attached to the act would rest upon herself. But were Mrs. Astor to question her upon the subject, she could not deviate from the truth by acknowledging a fault that she had never committed. She felt an unspeakable contempt for Mary's weakness, for had she been in her place, she would have acknowledged the part she had acted, unhesitatingly, secure of the indulgence of friendship and benevolence.

" Better to leave the circumstance to speak for itself," said she to herself, " and of course the burden will rest upon me."

She sighed as she thought of the happy hours she had passed by the side of that mirror, and how often she had seen it reflect the speaking countenance of Mr. Hall, that tablet of unutterable thoughts, and then thinking how his hopes seemed shattered like that frail glass, she came to the conclusion that all earthly hopes were vain and all earthly memories fraught with sadness. Never had Margaret moralized so deeply as in the long solitary walk she stole that evening to escape the evil of being drawn into the tacit sanction of a falsehood. Like many others, with equally pure intentions, in trying to avoid one misfortune she incurred a greater.

Mrs. Astor was very much grieved and astonished when she discovered her loss. With all her efforts to veil her feelings, Mary saw she was displeased with Margaret, and would probably never value as they deserved, the beautiful transparencies on which she had so faithfully labored.

" I would not have cared if any other article had been broken," said Mrs. Astor, " but this can never be replaced. I do not so much value the cost, great as it was, but it was so perfectly unique. I never saw another like it."

Mary's conscience smote her, for suffering another to bear the imputation she herself deserved. A sudden plan occurred to her. She had

concealed the truth, she was now determined to save her friend, even at the cost of a lie.

" I do not believe Margaret broke it," said she. I saw Dinah, your little black girl, in the room, just before she left it, and you know how often you have punished her for putting her hands on forbidden articles. You know if Margaret had done it, she would have acknowledged it at once."

" True," exclaimed the other lady, " how stupid I have been," and, glad to find a channel in which her anger could flow unchecked by the restraints of politeness, she rang the bell and summoned the unconscious Dinah.

In vain she protested her innocence. She was black, and it was considered a matter of course that she would lie. Her mistress took her arm in silence and led her from the room in spite of her prayers and protestations. We should be sorry to reveal the secrets of the prison house, but from the cries that issued through the shut door, and from a certain whizzing sound in the air, one might judge of the nature of the punishment inflicted upon the innocent victim of unmerited wrath. Mary closed her ears. Every sound pierced her heart. Something told her those shrieks would rise up in judgement against her at the last day.

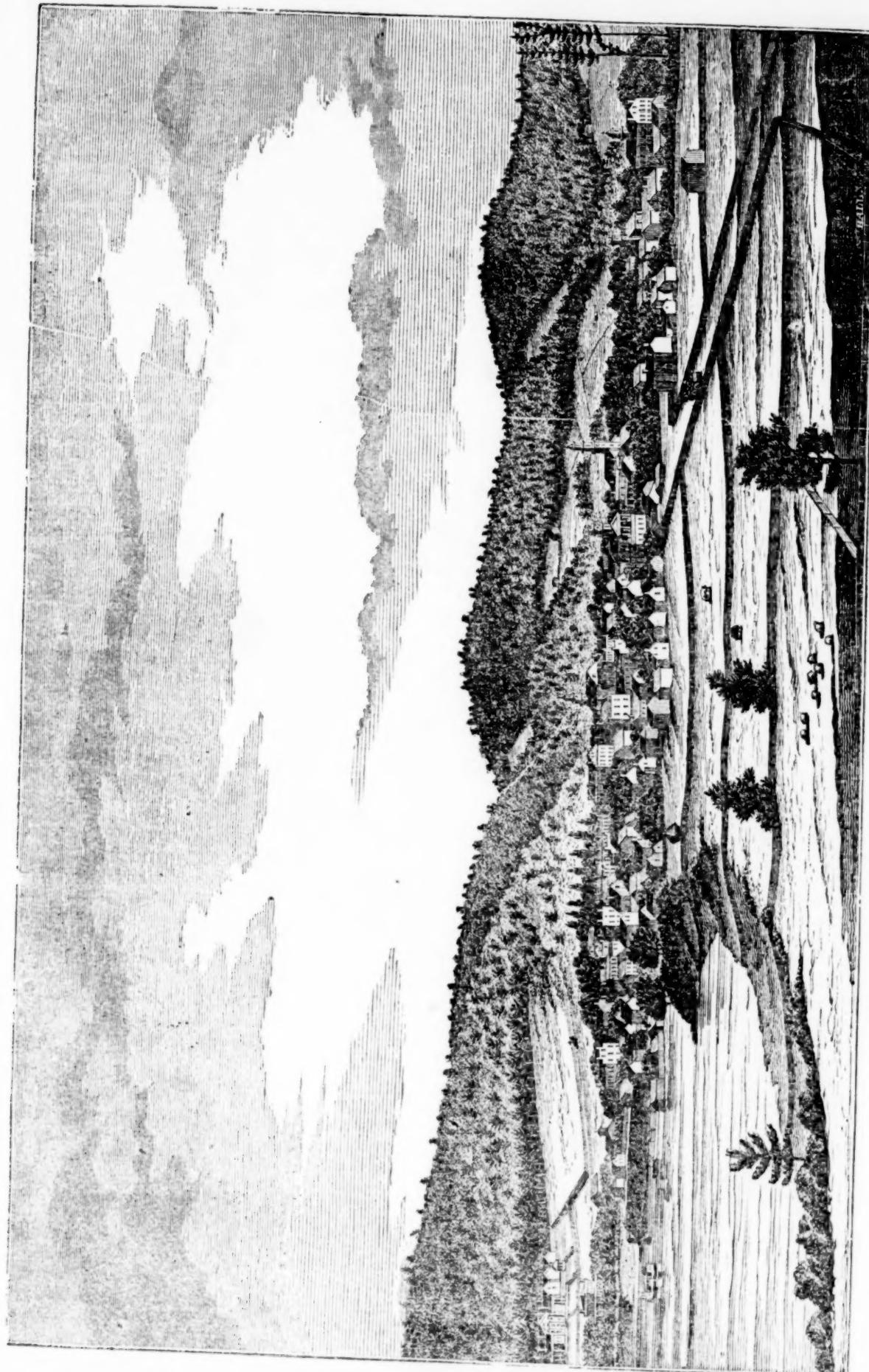
" Oh, how," thought she, " If I fear the rebuke of my fellow-creature for an unintentional offence, " how can I ever appear before my Creator with the blackness of falsehood and cruelty on my soul!"

She wished she had had the courage to have acted right in the first place, but now it was too late. Charles would despise her, and that very day he had told her that he loved her better than all the world beside. She tried, too, to soothe her conscience by reflecting that Dinah would have been whipped for something else, and that, as it was a common event to her, it was, after all, a matter of no great consequence.

Mrs. Astor, having found a vent for her displeasure, chased the cloud from her brow, and greeted Margaret with a smile, on her return, slightly alluding to the accident evidently trying to rise superior to the event. Her guest was surprised and pleased. She expressed her own regret, but as she imputed to herself no blame, the hostess was confirmed in the justice of her verdict.—Margaret knew not what had passed in her absence, for the lady of the house was too refined to bring her domestic troubles before her guests. Mary, who was the only one necessarily initiated, was too deeply implicated to repeat it, and the subject was thus dismissed. But the impression still remained upon one mind, painful and unerasable.

Mr. Hall marked Margaret's conscious blush on her entrance, he had heard the sobs and cries of poor Dinah, and was not ignorant of the cause. He believed Margaret to be aware of the fact—she, the true offender. A pang, keen as cold steel can create, shot through his heart at this conviction. He had thought her so pure, so true, so holy, the very incarceration of his worshipped virtue; and now, to sacrifice her principles for such a bauble—a bit of frail glass. He could not remain in her presence, but complaining of a headache, suddenly retired; but not before he had cast a glance on her, so cold and freezing, it seemed to congeal her very soul.

[Concluded in our next.]



COOPERSTOWN, OTSEGO COUNTY, N. Y.

Prior to the Revolution the site of the present village was occupied as a station for the Indians, who were the proprietors of the land for many miles around it. Nothing like a permanent settlement, however, was made. In 1785, the late Judge Cooper first visited the spot, accompanied by a party of savages. He had become interested in the property, as the owner from the year 1800 to 1835. In 1800 it was

In 1786, having become possessed of the fee of 26,000 acres, containing about 1000 souls. In 1835 it had less than 1200, though the population, including some one of the oldest houses, was built near the close of the last century. It has been repaired, and a good deal altered by J. Fenimore Cooper, the novelist. It was the residence of the late Judge Cooper, and since his death, of different members of his family. For many years, the five or six brick are much used in construction. It contains

one of the largest villages west of Schenectady, several good houses, some of which have been built many years.—Otsego Hall, the largest and one of the oldest houses, was built near the close of the last century. It has been repaired, and a good deal altered by J. Fenimore Cooper, the novelist. It was the residence of the late Judge Cooper, and since his death, of different members of his family. For many years, the five or six brick are much used in construction. It contains

by a person who had charge of it. Apple-hill, Leheland, Woodside, Fenimore, the Locusts and Edgewater are all pretty places, and some of them very much so.

The manner in which Gen. Clinton, the father of De Witt Clinton, caused a dam to be made at the outlet of the lake, in order to pass his brigade down the Susquehanna, is worthy of being commemorated.

The old settlers are principally dead, though a few still remain; we have their descendants in the fourth generation already, and many of the third in active life. Judge Cooper died in 1809.

In point of situation and beauty, Cooperstown is scarcely to be surpassed by any of our western villages.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

FIRE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

VANGENVAR! the terrific cry of fire, rolled from the tower of Anastasius, and gathering volume and force as it went on drowned all the voices and sounds in the tumultuous streets. It was some time, in the universal hurry and dismay, before we could ascertain the direction of the flames. They proved to be among the dwellings of St. Demetrius, a Greek town crowning one of the hills which lie north of the navy yard. We hastened that way, and ascending an elevation which swells from the suburbs of Galata, had full in view the terrible spectacle. The fire had broken out in the northern verge of the town, and a strong wind sweeping at the time, from that quarter, the flames had already been cast over a frightful extent of dwellings. Still the devouring element at every fresh rush of the wind, leaped farther on, while in each pause the falling roof and tumbling wall mingled their crackling and crushing sounds with the cries of hundreds, making their frantic escape. The whole town was soon in conflagration, and the flames, as they wound up over the summit of the hill, presented at one time, through the twilight of the hour, a towering pyramid of fire, and then again as the eddying currents broke away in violent gusts, the less ponderous materials were carried off in burning and threatening confusion, resembling more the flaring missiles sent from the mouth of the volcano.

The inhabitants fled to the open grounds which surrounded the devoted town; some of them, whose flight had been less precipitate, bringing with them a few articles of their furniture; while others had not saved a blanket to protect them from the heavy night that was now setting in. In this forlorn multitude, we saw at every few paces the wretched mother, gathering her little group about her, and calling each by name, to assure herself again that no one had been left behind; and then seating herself on the cold ground, clasp her infant to her breast, trying to protect it from the chilling dew beneath the narrow covering of her neck, while upon its unconscious cheek dropped her silent tears. Some of the children, too young to understand the anxious nature of her distress, or to know that they had no home to return to, were still playing with the toys they had brought from the nursery, or pointing with glee to the flame as it fringed the evening cloud. While a sister,

a few years older, would try to check their playfulness, and constrain them into an apparent sympathy with their poor distressed mother.

At the sheltering side of a small mound, a little retired from the crowd, we met with an old man, leaning tremulously on his cane, and listening to the replies of one who stood close to him, in all the touching sweetness of feminine beauty and youth. The old man was blind, and his young daughter, (in a soft and agitated voice,) was telling him the story of their escape, its difficulty, and by what means they had been able to effect it. "I must have perished in my chair," said the father, "had you not come home just at the moment you did." "I was away," explained the girl, "with some of my companions in the burial ground, where you know we go every Saturday to carry fresh flowers. When I heard the cry of fire, I instantly ran home, and thought at first that I should be able to get some of the men to take away a few of our goods, but they were all carrying their own, and the fire was so near, I had only time to catch up this little casket, which has your purse and my gold ornaments in it, and to take you by the hand to lead you off at once, for you did not seem to know, father, how dangerous our situation was." "No," said the old man, "I knew it not my child; I heard the cry, but did not suppose the fire was so near. I am glad you thought of the casket; but I fear, Therissa, there are but very few sequins in it, for you know the other day it was nearly empty, and the chest has not been unlocked since." "There is enough," interrupted the daughter, in a tone of the gentlest encouragement, "to get us the means of subsistence for a few weeks, and then there is my necklace, my bracelets, and ear-rings; these can be sold, and they will help us on some time, at least till I can find a situation where I may procure something for us both to live upon." Here she dropped her small hand into the casket to feel for the trifles that were to relieve them in the present emergency, and then anxiously withdrawing it again took out each little article, one by one, to the last—but neither purse nor jewels were there! a shadow fell on her sweet face; and the tears trembling for a moment on the long eye-lash, fell, unperceived by the blind parent, upon her nerveless hand.

In the hurry of the moment she had brought away the wrong casket; yet she would not reveal the mistake to her poor father, for fear of utterly overwhelming a heart already prostrated by misfortune. Silently pressing upon her the few piastres which the exigencies of the day had left, we turned to depart, fully resolved—at least it was so with myself—never again to entertain a murmuring or desponding sentiment while the craving hunger of this poor frame could find the coarsest crumb for its relief!

I have seen suffering and sorrow in almost every degree and form, but never encountered a spectacle of such extended and unrelieved wretchedness as here presented itself. Not only had the hundreds around me been deprived of their dwellings and scanty furniture, but they were suffering from the real and apprehended horrors of the plague. There was no community that would increase their present exposures by affording them an asylum; for one of the first

effects of this terrible scourge is an unnatural indifference to the fate of others, and a selfish, ingrossing anxiety for personal safety. It is a pestilence which most truly "walks in darkness;" and its approaches are so mysterious and inexplicable, and its visitation so fatal, that the sympathies of the human heart appear to be bewildered in the general dread, to be paralyzed in the stunning consternation. Men become like a desperate crew escaping from a sinking wreck, where each, with frantic force, appropriates to himself the plank or oar that comes within his grasp. It was this excess of calamity, this overpowering dismay, that, in the fatal retreat of the French from Russia, induced the soldier, naturally a generous being, to leave his exhausted companion to perish in the snow, and to close his ears to those affecting cries for succor which only the dying can utter.

Every hill and valley without the walls of Constantinople and its swelling suburbs was shadowed by tents, in which the victims of the plague had been forced to take refuge. Every breeze, as it passed over the great city, came loaded with the wails and lamentations of the survivors over their dead companions; yet the multitude moved on, pursuing their individual ends, with an eagerness and directness which so far from being disconcerted, seemed to be increased by the general dismay. They appeared to exonerate themselves from all the claims of sympathy, affection, and kindness, on the score of their own liabilities. They scarcely noticed the hearse as it went past, simply because each one apprehended that he might possibly be the next over whom its pall should be spread. I have ever observed that a common danger, so peculiarly calculated, as we should suppose, to make the heart enter directly into the feelings, anxieties, and despair of those around, only renders it the more callous, selfish, cruel. A man who is walking himself upon thin ice, will seldom do more than turn a glance to those who have fallen through.

MISCELLANY.

From the Boston Book.

EASY JOE BRUCE.

BY H. WELD.

"BLESS me!" exclaimed Mr. Joseph Bruce,—or perhaps we should rather say Joe Bruce, for, as he was a noble, easy fellow, nobody thought of allowing him more than half of his name, or of any thing else which belonged to him. "I see by the paper that Hawk & Harpy have assigned. I meant to have secured my debt yesterday!" He left his coffee half drank, stumbled over the threshold, and went almost at a run to the counting room of Hawk & Harpy. One half his speed on the day before would have saved his debt; as it was, he was just in season to put his name at the bottom of a dozen and a half preferred ones, to receive ten per cent. He went back to his unfinished breakfast with what appetite he might.

"Why did you neglect this so long, Mr. Bruce?" said his helpmate and comforter.

"I meant to have attended to it yesterday, my dear."

" You meant! That is always the way Mr. Bruce. You carelessly neglect your business to the last moment, and then put yourself in a haste and a heat for nothing, my dear!"

" Really, Mrs. Bruce"—

But Mrs. Bruce did not allow him a chance to defend himself. On she went in a most approved conjugal manner, to berate him for his carelessness and inattention.

" Really, Mrs. Bruce"—

And it was really Mrs. Bruce, for few of the feminine, and none of the masculine gender, could have kept pace with her. Certainly easy Joe could not. The clatter of a cotton-mill would not have been a circumstance to the din she raised. Easy Joe pulled a cigar case from his pocket—clapped his feet on the fender—and it almost seemed that the smoke had rendered his ears impervious to the bleatings of that gentle lamb, his spouse, so placid was his countenance, as the vapor escaped in graceful volumes from his mouth. People overshoot the mark sometimes. Mrs. Bruce did. Had she spared her oration, the morning's loss would have induced her husband to have been punctual to his business, for one day at least. As it was, he took the same sort of pride in neglecting it under her lecture, that the Grand Nation took so long in refusing to pay the claims of our citizens.

" Breeze away, Mrs. Bruce!"

" Breeze away, sir! Breeze away! I wish I could impart one tittle of my energy to Mr. Bruce; I—I"—

Bruce sprang to his feet, and crash! came an elegant mantle clock down upon the hearth.

" There, Mr. Bruce! That clock has stood there three months without fastening—a single screw would have saved it; but—"

" Well, I meant to"—

" You meant! Mr. Bruce—*You meant* won't pay the damage, nor Hawk & Harpy's note! You meant, indeed!"

Bruce seized his hat and cloak. In a few minutes he was on 'Change. Nobody could read in his face any traces of the matrimonial breeze, and nobody could suspect from his countenance that Hawk & Harpy had failed in his debt. Easy Joe Bruce!

" Well, Mr. Bruce they have routed him."

" Who?"

" Our friend Check, Pingree was chosen President of the —— Bank this morning. One vote would have stopped him."

" How deucedly unlucky. I meant to have been present to vote for Check myself!"

" Never mind, Bruce," said another—" you are a lucky man. The news of the great fire at Speederville has just reached town by express, and I congratulate you that you was fully insured."

" Insured! my policy expired last week. I meant to have got it renewed this morning."

Joe posted home in no very happy humor. When an easy man is fairly up, he is the most uneasy and unreasonable man in creation.

" Mrs. Bruce by staying at home to hear you scold, I have lost thousands. I meant to have got insured this morning. I did not; Speederville has burned down, and I am a beggar."

" Why did you not do it yesterday, Mr. Bruce?"

" I was thinking of Hawk & Harpy."

" Thinking! Why did you not secure your self?"

" I meant to, but—"

" But—give me no buts."

" You are in excellent spirits, Mrs. Bruce."

" Never in better."

" Vastly fine, madam. We are beggars."

Mrs. Bruce sat down, and clapped her feet on the fender, after her husband's manner in the morning.

" We are beggars madam," Bruce repeated.

" Very good—I will take my guitar, and you shall shoulder the three children. We will play under Mr. Hawk's window first, then under Mr. Harpy's, and then beg our way to Speederville, to play to the ashes of what was once your factory—which you *meant* to have insured. I should like begging of all things."

" You abominable woman, I shall go mad."

" Do not, I beseech you, Mr. Bruce! They put mad beggars in Bedlam."

Bruce sprang for the door. His wife intercepted him. " Here, Joseph, is a paper I *meant* to have showed you this morning."

" A policy! and dated yesterday?"

" Yes. You meant to get it renewed to-day—I meant it should be done yesterday—so I told your clerk for you, to do it. Am I not an abominable woman?"

" When I said so I was in a pet. I meant!"

" No more of that, Joseph. Now tell me who is the first on Hawk & Harpy's assignment."

" Your brother."

" His claim covers both."

" You are an angel, Mrs. Bruce!"

Easy Joe became an altered man, and his wife was released from her watch over his out-door business. She died some years before him—but we are half inclined to suspect, that after her death, Joe partially relapsed into his old habits—so true it is that habit is a second nature. Both were buried in the grave yard at Speederville, and our suspicions are founded on something like the following conversation, which took place between the grave digger and his assistant:

" Where are we to dig Mr. Bruce's grave?"

" I do not know exactly. His will says, next his wife."

" Where was she laid?"

" That I don't know. Easy Joe always said he *meant* to place an obelisk over her—but it never was done."

From Cooper's Naval History.

THE FIRST ACT OF RESISTANCE.

" THE first overt act of resistance that took place in this celebrated struggle, occurred in 1772, in the waters of Rhode Island. A vessel of war had been stationed on the coast to enforce the laws, and a small schooner, called the Gaspe, with a light armament and twenty-seven men, was employed as a tender, to run into the shallow waters of the coast. On the seventeenth of June, 1772, a Providence packet, that plied between New York and Rhode Island, named the Hannah, and commanded by Capt. Linge, hove in sight of the man-of-war on her passage up the bay. The Hannah was ordered to bring to, in order to be examined; but her master re-

fused to comply, and being favored with a fresh southern breeze, that was fast sweeping him out of gun shot, the Gaspe was signaled to follow. For twenty-five miles the chase continued, under a press of sail, when the Hannah coming up with a bar, with which her master was familiar, and drawing less water than the schooner, Capt. Linge led the latter on a shoal, where she stuck. The tide falling, the Gaspe slewed, and was not in a condition to be removed for several hours.

" The news of the chase was circulated on the news of the arrival of the Hannah at Providence. A strong feeling was excited among the population, and towards evening the town drummer appeared in the streets, assembling the people in the ordinary manner. When a crowd was collected, this man led his followers in front of a shed that stood near one of the stores, when one disguised as an Indian, suddenly appeared on the roof, and proclaimed a secret expedition for that night, inviting all of 'stout hearts' to assemble on the wharf, precisely at nine, disguised like himself. At the appointed hour, most of the men of the place collected at the spot designated, when sixty-four were selected for the bold undertaking that was in view. The party embarked in eight of the launches of the different vessels lying at the wharves, and taking with them a quantity of round paving stones, they pulled down the river in a body.

" The commander of these men is supposed to be Capt. Whipple, who afterwards held a commission in the service of Congress, but none of the names were publicly mentioned at the time. On nearing the Gaspe about two in the morning, the boats were hailed by a sentinel on deck. This man was driven below by a volley of stones. The commander of the Gaspe now appeared on deck, and warning the boats off, he fired a pistol at them. This discharge was returned from a musket, and the officer was shot through the thigh. By this time the crew of the Gaspe had assembled, and the party from Providence boarded. The contest was short, the schooner's people being soon knocked down and secured. All on board were put into the boats, and the Gaspe set on fire. Towards morning she blew up."

SALLY CURRY'S COURTSHIP.

" WELL, Sally," said I, smiling, " am I to lose you on Sunday night?"

" I am afraid so, ma'am," said she, sliding behind the door.

" Don't be ashamed, Sally," said I. " I have shown you such an example of marrying one whom I preferred, that I am sure I cannot blame you."

Upon this Sally looked up, and I asked her how long she had known Mr. Curry.

Sally began twisting a gold ring that was on the fore-finger of her left hand, and said—

" My mother, ma'am, was a poor widow in Salem, the widow of a sea captain. He was lost on a voyage, she fell sick, declining, like. I was her only child. It was a very stormy night, a year ago, and my mother was very ill. I sent to a neighbor to say I was afraid she wouldn't stand it. Our neighbor sent back she daresn't leave her baby, who was sick; but a young man named Curry, a very decent person, would come

and watch with me. I was thankful to see a living countenance, and said he might come, and be welcome.

"That was my forlorn night, but Mr. Curry helped me a sight. My mother was in a faint like, all night, and he was as tender as a child to her. Once he began to tell a sea story, to try to cheer me up; but he found he made me cry more, because it didn't seem some how respectful to talk of the things of life by a death-bed, and he stopped talking, and only now and then, when he found he couldn't comfort me, nor raise her neither, he would fetch up such a pitying look as if he wished he could.

"The day was just dawning, when my mother seemed to come to a little, and spoke right out, 'Sally, dear.'

"What, mother?" says I, "and my heart beat as if it would come through."

"Is there any body with you?"

"Yes dear mother, a friend," said I, whispering.

"Will he take care of you?" said she, and she looked with a sunken eye full on Curry.

Curry got right up, and came by the bedside, and knelt down and took her thin hand, and said, in a voice quite loud and solemn, "I will take care of her, so help me God."

She didn't say another word, but just gave a kind of sigh, as it were, sorrowful, but as if she was not satisfied, and squeezed his hand, and so she died."

LOST TIME.

A FRAGMENT.

How beautiful and how truly has it been said, that "blessings brighten as they take their flight," and in nothing is this truth more conspicuous than in the matter of education. Whilst enjoying the privilege of the means of cultivating our minds, how frequently do we slight those means, or, at least, but partially and imperfectly improve them! We are too apt to imagine that in after years by application and industry we may atone for the neglect of our youth, but how mistaken is this idea! When we have become emancipated from the duties and pleasures of the school-room, other duties devolve upon us, society has its claims upon our time, and little leisure remains for the improvement of our minds. And if we find it difficult to add to our attainments, how much more so will it be to acquire that knowledge of which we should have been possessed before? After the means of improvement are in a great measure beyond our reach, how much is their importance augmented, and the duties of our station as scholars appear far less irksome, and the pleasures much heightened when we know those days are passed! When we arrive at more mature years, how do our neglected advantages and mis-spent moments rise up in fearful array, and how sincerely and earnestly do we wish we could recall those days, and how differently we think we should act were it in our power to live them over again! But, no doubt, if such a thing were possible, the same thoughtlessness and carelessness would mark our conduct. We are too prone to slight present advantages in the vain hope of making future reparation for it. This has been the experience

of almost every one; and let it serve a useful purpose by being a warning to us; and by thus avoiding a similar course of conduct, we shall also escape its consequences.—*Lady's Book*.

HEROISM OF A PEASANT.

A GREAT inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle, part on which was the house of the toll-gather, or porter, I forget which; and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming and imploring succor, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman who was present, a Count of Pulverint, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, or being dashed against the fragment of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant, passing along, was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he by strength of oars gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by means of a rope.—"Courage!" cried he, "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore. "Brave fellow," exclaimed the Count, handing the purse to him, "here is the promised recompence." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant. "My labor is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife and children. Give the purse to this poor family, who have lost all."

"BOZ" (CHARLES DICKENS).

OUR neighbor of the National Gazette, who has recently visited England, thus describes the author of "Pickwick":—"In person he is a little above the standard height, though not tall. His figure is slight, without being meagre, and is well proportioned. The face, that first object of physical interest, is peculiar, though not remarkable. An ample forehead is displayed under a quantity of light hair, worn in a mass on one side rather jauntily, and this is the only semblance of dandyism in his appearance. His brow is marked, and his eye, though not large, bright and expressive. The most regular feature is the nose, which may be called handsome; an epithet not applicable to his lips, which are too large. Taken altogether the countenance, which is pale without sickness, is, in repose, extremely agreeable and indicative of refinement and intelligence. Mr. Dickens' manners and conversation, except perhaps in perfect abandonment among his familiars, have no exhibition of particular wit, much less of humor. He is mild in the tones of his voice and quiescent; evincing habitual attention to etiquette and the conventionalisms of polished circles. His society is much sought after, and possibly to avoid the in-

vitations pressed upon him, he does not reside in London; but with a lovely wife and two charming children, has a retreat in the vicinity. He is about twenty-six years of age, but does not look more than twenty-three or four. Mr. Dickens is entirely self made, and rose from a humble station by virtue of his moral worth, his genius, and his industry.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. McDonough, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Reidsville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. G. Benton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Saugerties, N. Y. \$5.00; G. C. Nantucket, Ms. \$1.00; G. P. Pine Grove, N. Y. \$1.00; J. E. P. A. Royalton, Ms. \$0.81; M. S. New-York, \$1.00; J. J. S. Melville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Warren, Vt. \$1.00; W. B. S. Linden, N. Y. \$1.00; L. O. Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; P. S. D. Hyde Park, Vt. \$1.00; W. P. Lysander, N. Y. \$1.00; J. G. Stafford, N. Y. \$1.00; E. T. Chatham, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Yatesville, N. Y. \$5.00; M. V. S. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. \$1.00; S. E. Lexington, West Kill, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. Elmira, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. Chenango Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Dresden, N. Y. \$1.00; O. H. L. Varysburg, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Fredonia, N. Y. \$3.00; W. D. Perry's Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Philadelphia, N. Y. \$2.00; L. O. Madrid, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. F. Garratt's Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. B. H. Scipio Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Burksville, Ky. \$3.00; P. M. Elmira, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Pleasant Valley, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Dalton, Ms. \$5.00; P. M. Stamford, N. Y. \$3.00; L. M. C. Montrose, Pa. \$1.00; W. W. H. Redwood, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Southville, N. Y. \$2.00; H. C. Marathon, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Junius, N. Y. \$2.00; A. H. Huntsville, N. Y. \$1.00; C. D. Chazy, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Rome, N. Y. \$2.00; M. L. Clermont, N. Y. \$1.00; S. & M. A. M. Montrose, Pa. \$0.81; A. R. 2d. Grove, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Wood's Hole, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Byron, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Rock City, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Cato 4 Corners, N. Y. \$2.00; E. H. H. Painesville, O. \$1.00; A. D. Flint Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; F. H. Ghent, N. Y. \$1.00; D. R. West Poultney, Vt. \$1.00; F. A. S. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; H. R. Rickburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; M. M. H. Potsdam, N. Y. \$1.00; W. C. Hanover, N. H. \$1.00; P. M. Morrisville, Vt. \$7.00; P. L. Utica, N. Y. \$1.00; R. M'K. Rondout, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Brocke's Bridge, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Ralph Wheeler to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of William Badgley, Esq.

On the 22d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Mr. James Ellis to Miss Lucretia Van Hoesen, both of this city.

DECEASED,

In this city, on Friday the 16th inst. Mr. James H. Gaul, an industrious and enterprising mechanic, and highly esteemed citizen, aged 27 years.

Mr. Gaul was unfortunately drowned at one of our docks. He had just stepped into a small boat for the purpose of crossing the river, when it was drawn under the wheel of the Steam-boat Oseola, which was at that moment leaving the dock. He was probably killed by the wheel. His body was found on the Tuesday following the accident, and followed to the grave by a numerous concourse of his friends and fellow citizens.

On the 20th inst. Thomas P. son of Joseph and Harriet Blake, in his 3d year.

On the 20th inst. Mr. Eleazer Hedges, a soldier in the Army, aged 82 years. And on the 21st, Amelia P. daughter of Stephen and Lucy Ann Hedges, aged 1 year and 4 days.

On the 22d inst. Mr. David Copeland, in the 23d year of his age.

On the 23d inst. Mr. Garret Gruesbeck, in the 50th year of his age.

On the 18th inst. in Greenport, near the city of Hudson, N. Y. The Widow Jane Doan, a native of the city of Paisley in Scotland, in the 83d year of her age.

At West Dresden, Yates co. on the 17th inst. Mrs. Dorothy Yates, in the 55th year of her age, formerly of this city. INSANITY AND SUICIDE.—On Monday morning last, the Coroner was called to hold an inquest on the body of a man found dead in the Hudson House yard. He called himself Morgan, and said he was from Union, in the county of Broome. He exhibited strong symptoms of insanity on the day previous to his death, which was caused by jumping from the roof of the Hudson House. Verdict accordingly.

He was about 40 years old, of dark complexion, brown hair and whiskers; had on a cotton shirt, black silk hat, dark homespun coat, pantaloons and vest, collar lined with red flannel, black woollen stockings under his boots; and in his pocket a deed from David Pierce, of Berkshire, in the county of Tioga, to Jonathan Pierce, of Sutton, county of Worcester, Mass. of lands and tenements in Sutton, being the property of John Goodale. There was also found in the observatory of the Hudson House, a purse containing a small amount of money. Any person wishing further information will please call on William Gaul, Coroner, Hudson.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

SONG.

TUNE.—“Sitting on a Rail.”

BY S. COMPTON SMITH.

WHERE murmur'ing waters softly flow,
A young and lovely maiden dwelt,
She ne'er had tasted earthly woe,
Nor e'er the pangs of love had felt.
Happy there she dwelt,
Happy there she dwelt,
Happy there she dwelt,
Nor sighed for brighter days.

Till on one bright and summer morn,
A fair and smiling youth passed by,
He met the maiden on the lawn,
And love beamed from his sparkling eye.
Then rose forth a sigh,
Then rose forth a sigh,
Then rose forth a sigh,
While she thought of him !

And oft that youth and maiden fair,
Would wander by that flowing stream,
And gladly would she hear him swear
He loved her best of all he'd seen.
But men are often false,
But men are often false,
But men are often false,
And he deceived the maid !

Then sorrow filled the maiden's breast,
And deep her heaving bosom bled—
A stranger now to earthly rest,
The smile from her pale cheek had fled !
Her heart was broken then,
Her heart was broken then,
Her heart was broken then,
And she pray'd for death to come !

At length the canker of the heart,
Nipped the frail cords of life away,
And near that stream where they did part,
Her cold remains now buried lay.
And she's in Heaven now,
And she's in Heaven now,
And she's in Heaven now,
Where tears are never shed.

For the Rural Repository.

I M P R O M P T U.

I CANNOT mourn, that earth is dark,
That life is made of sighs and tears;
I cannot mourn, that one lone spark
Of joy, upon this earth appears:
For brighter, holier far, will be
The ages of eternity.

I cannot mourn, the golden cup
Of pleasure must be dashed ere long ;

I cannot mourn, the truant hope
Has filled the world with faithless song :
For brighter far will be the light,
That bursts upon the ravished sight.

I cannot mourn, the nectar cup
Of bliss, which man's so often tasted,
Must perish, failing drop by drop—
Till e'en the one we love has wasted :

For more enduring still will be,
The pleasures of eternity.

Spencertown, Aug. 12, 1839. CASIOPEA.

THE DAUGHTER'S REQUEST.

BY MRS. ADDY.

My father thou hast not the tale denied—
They say that, ere noon to morrow,
Thou wilt bring back a radiant and smiling bride
To our lonely house of sorrow.
I should wish thee joy of thy coming bliss,
But tears are my words suppressing ;
I think on my mother's dying kiss,
And my mother's parting blessing.
Yet to-morrow I hope to hide my care,
I will still my bosom's beating,
And strive to give to thy chosen fair,
A kind and courteous greeting.
She will heed me not, in the joyous pride
Of her pomp, and friends, and beauty ;
Ah ! little need has a new made bride
Of a daughter's quiet duty.
Thou gavest her costly gems' they say,
When thy heart first fondly sought her ;
Dear father, one nuptial gift, I pray,
Bestow on thy weeping daughter.
My eye, even now, on the treasure falls,
I covet and ask no other,
It has hung for years on our ancient walls—
'Tis the portrait of my mother !
To-morrow, when all is in festal guise,
And the guests our rooms are filling,
The calm meek gaze of those hazel eyes
Might thy soul with grief be thrilling,
And a gloom on thy marriage banquet cast,
Sad thoughts of their owner giving ;
For a fleeting twelve month scarce has past,
Since she mingled with the living.
If thy bride should weary or offend,
That portrait might awaken feelings
Of the love of thy fond departed friend,
And its sweet and kind revelations ;
Of her mind's commanding force, unchecked
By feeble or selfish weakness,
Of her speech, where dazzling intellect
Was softened by Christian meekness.
Then, father, grant that at once to-night,
Ere the bridal crowd's intrusion,
I remove this portrait from thy sight,
To my chamber's still seclusion :
It will nerve me to-morrow's dawn to bear,
It will beam on me protection,
When I ask of Heaven, in my faltering prayer,
To hallow thy new connexion.
Thou wilt waken, father, in pride and glee,
To renew the ties once broken,
But nought upon earth remains to me,
Save this sad and silent token.
The husband's tears may be few and brief,
He may woo and win another,
But the daughter clings in unchanging grief
To the image of her mother !

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

W O M A N .

Not thine—not thine is the glittering crest,
And the glance of the snow white plume ;
Nor the badge that gleams from the warrior's breast,
Like a star 'mid the battle's gloom !
Nor is thy place 'mid thy country's host,
Where the war-steed champs the rein—
Where waving plumes are like sea-foam tossed
And the turf wears a gory strain !

Not these—not these are thy glorious dower ;
But a holier gift is thine,
When the proud have fallen in triumph's hour,
And the red blood flows like wine ;

To wipe the dew from the clammy brow—

To raise the drooping head—
To cool the parched lips' fevered glow,
And to soothe the lowly bed !

Not thine—not thine is the towering height,
Where ambition makes his throne ;
The timid dove wings not her flight
Where the eagle soars alone ;
But in the hall and in the bower,
And by the humblest hearth,
Man feels the charm and owns the power
That binds him still to earth.

Yes, *these* are thine !—and who can say
His is a brighter doom,
Who winds fame's glory wreath of bay,
Round an aching brow to bloom ?
Oh, to watch death's livid hues depart—
To soothe each pang of woe,
And to whisper hope to the fainting heart,
Is the proudest need below !

THOUGHTS BEFORE SUNSET.

God of the sun-light hours ! how sad
Would evening shadows be ;Or night, in deeper shadows clad,
If aught were dark to Thee !

How mournfully that golden gleam
Would touch the thoughtful heart,
If, with its soft retiring beam,
We saw Thy light depart !

But no ; the sun-set hours may hide
These gentle rays awhile,
And deep through ocean's wave may glide
The slumber of their smile.

Enough, while these dull heavens may lower,
If here thy presence be ;
Then midnight shall be morning hour,
And darkness light—to me.

Through the deep gloom of mortal things,
Thy light of love can throw
That ray which gilds an angel's wings,
To soothe a pilgrim's woe.

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